



*Religious
EXHIBIT
School on*

Youth

JULY 8, 1962

Russian teens hit the rails

Does boxing 'aim to maim'?

Shooting your own movie

Let's make something

"Every one to whom much is given, of him will much be required of him to whom men commit much they will demand the more."
12:48)

Albert Einstein once said that what we need in America are fewer [people] of success and more people of value. He was deploring the emphasis on measuring the worth of a man by what he has acquired—the wealth, fame, the material possessions and the other symbols of status—rather than by what he has contributed to the society in which he lives.

A man of value is one who through his contributions leaves the world better than it was when he entered it. What have you done that has made your home town a better place than it was when you were born? In other words, what difference has your existence made on the community in which you live?

The essential question all of us ought to ponder is this one: *Could we tell by our actions that we understand what Christianity requires of us and that we take it seriously?* Bear in mind that being "people of value" is not peculiar to the Christians. We must recall the story of the Jew who saw a child in danger of being hit by a truck. He rushed out into the street and at the risk of his own life, saved the child. An observer said, "That was a very Christian thing you just did." To which the Jew replied, "That's interesting; I thought that was a very Jewish thing I did."

The point is, however, that although many non-Christians are "people of value," no person who understands the teachings of Christ and takes them seriously can be satisfied to measure his life either by the usual standards of material success or of moral and ethical behavior. Christ requires also a desire to minister to the needs of others.

You have all been advised to serve your community, your country, and mankind. Such generalized advice can be understood but can't be followed. Such advice doesn't recognize the gap that usually exists between the importance of general responsibility to serve others and the challenge to

appen!

If you're not happy with the way adults are running your world, get involved in it and help them right the wrongs.

specific problem. Let's be specific. Let's put our Christian faith to work. *Let's make something happen!*

Let's look at a few of the problems which are found in today's newspapers:

1. The threat of Communism. Whittaker Chambers in his book *Witness*, describes the intense sense of commitment which is so characteristic of the dedicated Communist:

"Communists are bound together by no secret oath. The tie that binds them across the frontiers of nations, across barriers of language and differences of class and education, in defiance of religion, morality, truth, law, honor, the weaknesses of the body and the irresolutions of the mind, even unto death, is the simple conviction: It is necessary to change the world. Their power, whose nature baffles the rest of the world, because in a large measure the rest of the world has lost that power, is the power to hold convictions and act on them. It is the same power that moves mountains; it is also an unfailing power to move men. Communists are that part of mankind which has recovered the power to live or die—to bear witness for its faith."

Although we should not employ Communist methods to meet the threat they present to us, we should employ their degree of dedication to the religious and political faith in which *we* believe. In his excellent pamphlet *How to Combat Communism*, Herman Reissig makes the following points:

"Whoever helps to stop racial discrimination helps to stop communism.

Whoever works for justice for the migrant, the Indian, the immigrant, works against communism.

Whoever helps to eliminate involuntary unemployment; corruption in business, in labor unions, in government, helps to overcome communism.

Whoever works for good laws and for their enforcement, whoever

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takes seriously his responsibilities in political life, whoever resists temptations cheat his fellow citizens or his government whoever supports civil liberties for all, striking blows against communism."

These points represent some specific suggestion for meeting the challenge of communism.

2. Economic distress at home abroad. The hunger, poverty, ignorance, disease which are so characteristic of much of the world present one of the greatest challenges facing Christians today. The Peace Corps is a channel for responding to this challenge. Rev. James Robinson's "Crossroads Africa" which was in many ways the forerunner of the Peace Corps, is another. It's still carrying out projects in which American young people go to Africa to help in whatever way they can bring about a better life for those whose existence is not unlike that of Thomas Hobbes' whose life he describes as "nasty, brutish, and short."

At home as well as abroad there are opportunities for young people to improve the life of those around them. Youth caravans, summer work in inner city churches and missions, work with the migrant ministry of the National Council of Churches, and many other projects provide opportunities for young people to demonstrate that Christian faith implies a way of life that is based on service to others.

3. The threat of nuclear destruction. This, of course, is the ultimate problem all of us face today. If this problem is not solved, solutions for the others will make little difference. During the first session of the 87th Congress (1961) the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency was created to coordinate research in the area of disarmament, arrange negotiations in arms control and disarmament

rect U.S. participation in any inspection systems which might result from negotiations. What overall impact this agency will have in our attempts to meet the threat of nuclear warfare is too early to tell, but its success will depend upon the willingness of Congress to provide it with the resources it needs to do an effective job.

In this area as in others, young people have made their views known. Whether the groups of college students who picketed the White House in opposition to nuclear testing in the atmosphere were right or wrong is a matter of debate, but one thing is certain: they felt they must express their sincere opposition to a policy they believe to be harmful to society. At times these students were picketed by other students who were just as sincerely convinced of the necessity for nuclear testing.

4. Racial segregation and discrimination. Federal Judge J. Skelly Wright has expressed what should be the sentiment of all Christians when he said, "We are, all of us, freeborn Americans, with a right to make our way, unfettered by sanctions imposed by man because of the work of God."

In this area more than any other, young people have an opportunity to put their Christian convictions to work. It would be difficult to overestimate the revolution in race relations that resulted when a handful of Negro college students sat down at a lunch counter in Greensboro, N. C., and launched the sit-in movement. White college students throughout the nation awoke from their characteristic apathy in a way reminiscent of America's awakening on December 7, 1941.

In many parts of the South, high school students are defying the traditional patterns of white supremacy. They're substituting their own Christian values which recognize the equality of the Negro in the eyes of God and make him deserving of the rights and freedoms which the white man takes for granted.

The foregoing represent only a few of the problems which are illustrated every day in the news. To these could be added dozens of others in both domestic and international affairs. Pick up any newspaper and ask yourself these questions:

1. *What social problem does any given news item illustrate?*
2. *What can I and others with whom I associate contribute toward finding a solution to the problem?*

Anyone willing to answer these questions and carry out the obligations of service that the answers demand is a person who is not content to let the wrong things happen but is driven by his Christian convictions to make the right things happen.—LEWIS I. MADDOCKS

Convert your youth fellowship into an amateur Hollywood camera crew, and you'll have captured an ideal summer project for the whole group. The high school fellowship of Mariemont Community Church in Cincinnati, O., shot this 15-minute film in four months. It served as the core of a Youth Sunday program and was the focus of fellowship activities from August through January. It cost only \$140 and was made entirely with borrowed equipment.

HOW TO SHOOT YOUR OWN

REALISTIC questions in the lives of youth were filmed: danger of violence, the problems of drinking, teen romance, choice of careers. The script was careful not to give glib or easy "answers." Each had to think out his or her own response.



ACTORS, sets and situations were "right out of Fellowship." Sequences were filmed in school classrooms, football games and Youth Santeen dances. No one connected with the production had previous film experience. Everyone learned.



MOVIE

IMPROVISE! A cafeteria cart served as a camera dolly. City slums being wrecked were filmed for the results of "atomic war." The outgate of a station wagon was used as a platform to film kids riding in a coup.



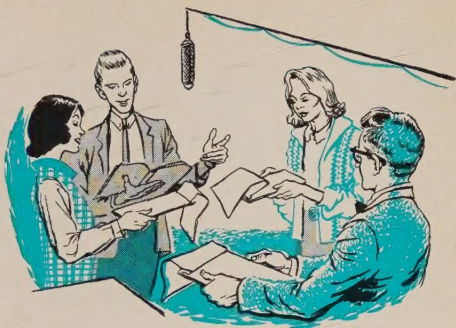


RETREATS were held to think about the Youth Week theme and to relate the theme to the Bible and the lives of teenagers. Out of the study questions and discussions at the retreats came a number of pivotal situations that were worked into a rough "plot" and preliminary script.

SKILLS and interests not usually utilized in the work of the church were used. Work committees included TV-station liaison, camera-men, art production, props and sets, script writers, cast. Local police cooperated in filming in the streets.



SOUND was provided by a chorale-speech group at the TV studio. A tape-recorder could be used. Music was all vocal.

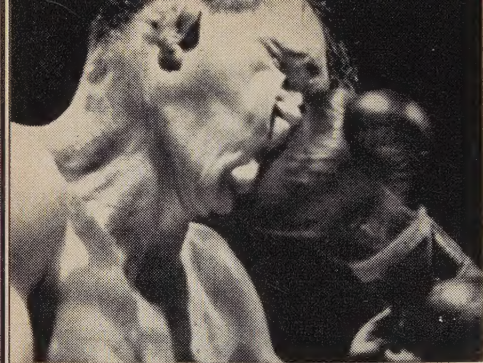


FINAL SCRIPT was written as the developed film was edited and assembled. Then a negative projection-print was made by a commercial photo studio. This print was used in showing the program.



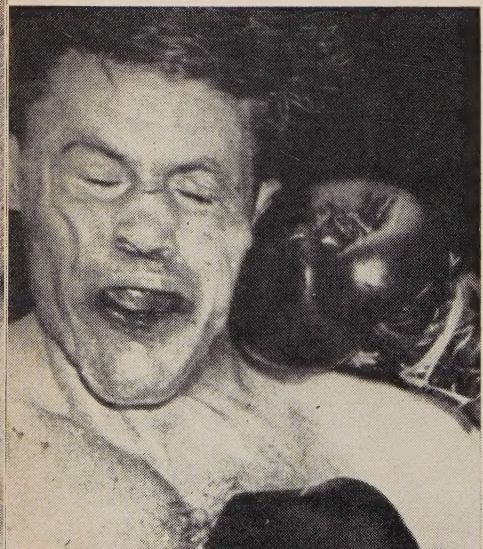
HELPFUL HINTS FOR MOVIE-MAKERS TO REMEMBER

1. Make plans well in advance.
2. Work through existing religious TV programs.
3. Check with TV stations for technical requirements.
4. Include your film within a worship service format.
5. Complete filming well in advance to allow changes.
6. Give ample pre-show publicity in local papers.
7. Use youth choir for introduction and background.
8. Make the "show" a visualization of real life.



Who killed Benny Paret? Thoughtful, angry, and excited people were all asking this question a week last April. Benny Paret, a 27-year-old native of Santa Clara, Cuba, had died from head injuries received when he lost the world welterweight championship to Emile Griffith at Madison Square Garden.

BOXING/ the aim is to main



Angry people blamed Griffith for cruel blows. Excited people asked "Why didn't the referee stop the fight?" Thoughtful persons wondered about the standards of a society that regard prize fighting as a perfectly proper form of entertainment, and about a boxing public who come out to see a man knocked out and hurt. The following account, reprinted from Time magazine, gives a scientific explanation of what happens to fighters when they exchange blows in the boxing ring.

When one prizefighter hits another in the head, his objective is to render the opponent temporarily unconscious by a simple concussion, which usually leaves no permanent damage. But a hard blow can also bruise the brain, breaking some of its blood vessels and destroying nerve cells. This kind of damage can kill. The death in Manhattan April of Benny ("Kid") Paret, 35, after nine days in a coma, from brain injuries suffered in his world championship bout with Emile Griffith, underscored the charge that "in boxing, the aim is to maim."

The medical mechanics of head injuries and knockouts in boxing are complex. A welterweight like Griffith delivers a punch with an average force of ten foot-pounds of kinetic energy. What this force does to a fighter's head depends not only on how and where the blow strikes but on the position of the struck head and the state of the supporting neck muscles.

Inner Bruises. If a fighter is alert and well coordinated and has his neck muscles taut and his chin tucked in, he can take many full-force punches to the head with relatively little risk of brain injury. Only rarely does an exceptionally powerful blow to the chin break or unhinge the lower jaw and drive bony structures back to damage the lower part of the brain.

If the fighter has his head a bit higher and less securely anchored by his neck muscles, a severe blow to practically any part of the head will make the skull move in the direction of the punch. The jelly-like brain does not accelerate as fast as the rigid skull, so part of the brain is in effect struck by bone. Usually

the effect is no worse than that produced when any fleshy part of the body is hit with a hard object: a bruise, from the breaking of minute blood vessels. A long succession of moderate contusions (bruises), which cause slow, leaky hemorrhages, may permanently damage small parts of the brain, causing the "punch-drunk" state in veteran pugilists.

Broken Vessels. The worst injuries in boxing occur when a fighter's neck muscles are relaxed, so his head can bounce like a punching bag on a spring. Such was the case with the groggy Paret on the ropes in the twelfth. With a trip-hammer succession of alternating right uppercuts and left hooks, Griffith slammed Paret's head from side to side. Different parts of Paret's brain were hit by the overlying skull with enough force to break blood vessels between the middle (arachnoid) and outermost (dura mater) layers of the brain's covering (meninges).

The resulting accumulations of blood and clots (called hematomas), together with multiple bruises and severe swelling, exerted intolerable pressure on several parts of Paret's brain and cut the elaborate circuitry of the nervous system at a number of points. He would have fallen, which might have saved his life, but Griffith's punches helped to hold him up. When neurosurgeons got to Paret, they drilled holes in his skull and removed as many hematomas as they could reach, but it was too late. The bruising, for which they could do nothing, and the pressure of the hematomas had crushed too much of the brain's structure and killed too many of its delicate, irreparable nerve cells.

"Woops, watch it, Honey," Linda's mother pulled away from the curb just in time to dodge a passing truck.

"Seeing Steve does that to me every time, Mum." Linda's eyes still followed the red Cadillac convertible Steve had seen them and waved, leaning above the smooth gold head of the girl beside him. "But he was looking at you instead of me." She shrugged, and sighed.

Mrs. Lancaster chuckled indulgently. "Don't be silly, dear. Steve is a nice boy but he is still playing the field. Why don't you go out more with Dave and Russ, and the new boy—what's his name?"

"You must mean Sidney, of course," Linda said tiredly. "But Mums, they are all so *young*!" They were speeding their car along the boulevard, now toward home, but Linda was still seeing Steve—the dark chiseled head, the wonderful smile—she leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Her long black pony tail dangled over the back of the seat. She wondered what her mother had by way of charm that she didn't have? She stole a glance sideways from under her lowered lids, noting the exquisite beauty of her mother's profile. Foolish question. She told herself sternly. People had been praising her mother's beauty from the time she had been old enough to attract notice. Her mother's hair always looked so right for her.

*"Being young is simply for the birds."
His voice was so low he could hardly hear*

Snake Streak



She wore it swept back and coiled in a chignon on the back of her head with a single white streak running across the top which made her hair crisp and charming.

Now she thought of the golden girl tucked in beside Steve. She had caught the girl's cool, appraising glance, the half smile, quickly concealed. So, he likes them Mona Lisa. Well, maybe I can do something about that. An idea was born that minute in her mind. She sat up suddenly and smiled radiantly at the pretty face beside her.

"Mother, you're exactly right. I've been a droopy drip. No wonder Steve doesn't give me a look! I think I'll let Sidney take me to the dance at the Club on Saturday night."

"Good girl!" Mrs. Lancaster patted her daughter's knee. "And in case we will buy that new dress at Simmonds you've been wanting." Linda let out a little squeal, "Oh, Mums, that will be perfectly swoony!" and collapsed against the back of the seat again, humming "The New Face of My Love," which happened to be her favorite at the moment.

The week that followed fairly flew. Linda was able to carry out her plan without any trouble with her parents. Her father was away on a business trip, and her mother had a bridge party that week, and the Red Cross. On the day of the dance Linda came into the quiet house, resplendent in her new hair-do. She had had it fixed exactly like her mother's except for some wispy bangs at the temples. The hair dresser had demurred about the snake streak, but Linda had won out and she liked the effect. It would take time to get used to the feeling of weight on the back of her neck, but the fact that it aged her considerably, made her feel elated.

She laid the slinky dress on the bed, and wondered if the pointed toe slippers with the sharp pointed toes would be too uncomfortable after the little soft ballet shoes she had been wearing for so long. Just then she heard her mother come in. As Linda came down the stairs her mother was taking off the saucer hat at the hall mirror. Mrs. Lancaster turned, and they both stopped and stared at each other in astonishment.

"Why, Mums, *what* have you done to your hair?" Linda gasped.

"May I ask you the same question?" Her mother groaned, looking at the snake streak. Linda hung her head. She felt foolish and defiant.

"Mother, I'm sick and tired of being a *child*! Besides Steve seems to prefer older women."

"Oh, I see. . . ." Mrs. Lancaster sank into a couch and pulled Linda down beside her. Linda looked up at the head leaning above her.

rt red curls stood rakish all over her mother's lovely head. She didn't
it or the new scarlet lipstick. But she kept silent about both.

"Mum, you will simply slay them tonight." Then she added, with a
ile. "How do you think Dad will bear up under the shock?"

"We'll keep our fingers crossed. He won't be home for dinner. I'm
eting him at the club later." Arm in arm the two of them went to the
chen. Looking at her mother, Linda thought frantically, "This is simply
acula!"

Later, dressing for the dance she had a few misgivings about the changes
e had made in herself. She scarcely knew the girl looking back at her
the long mirror. The slim black sheath fit her like a glove. The broad
nd of silver in her black hair glittered. The rhinestone earrings added the
ich of sophistication to complete the ensemble. She had borrowed a little
her mother's most expensive perfume, and she inhaled it slowly as she
bbed it on her ear lobes, the pulse at her throat which was beating faster
an usual. She only faintly heard the doorbell chiming downstairs. That
ould be Sidney, of course, already taking her for granted. She heard her
ther's light footsteps going through the hall. The front door opened
d closed. Then came a muffled exclamation from Sidney.

"You've only seen the half, my friend!" She thought impishly as she
ent slowly down the stairs.

Mrs. Lancaster and Sidney both turned as Linda came down the stairs.
er mother was looking highly amused, and Sidney seemed pleased with
mself, as he finished telling about a traffic snarl he had just gotten out
. Now he threw back his head and let out a wolf call. He handed Linda
e corsage of yellow tea roses.

"Gosh! I guess I should have brought you orchids." He said when he
uld get his voice.

"The roses will be fine, Sidney, thanks." Linda answered in the new
roaty voice she had been cultivating for a week. Sidney got a whiff of
e exotic perfume, and he asked anxiously, "You got a cold or something?
our voice sure sounds funny."

This was almost too much to take. Linda shrugged as she draped her
lvet stole around her shoulders. "I *am* growing up you know." She
minded him as they went out to the car. Sidney whistled softly. "You
re did some fast growing up in a week!" She could tell that he was
ill recovering from shock.

Heads turned and eyebrows went up as Sidney and Linda went onto the

floor. After the first rumba the older men started cutting in. Linda disappointed. Steve didn't seem to be anywhere about. Finally she found him at the far end of the room. He was one of the eager circle around the red-headed woman. Linda gasped as the circle widened and parted. Linda was her mother, pushing away the young men, playfully tossing punches as she did so! After a while, Linda managed to slip away to the powder room. Her big evening was turning out wrong. She felt like a failure. She sank into a chair in the corner and stared at the wall. A group of young girls came in, laughing and chattering. She knew all of them, and as their amused startled eyes swept over her she wanted to creep away and hide. Now they pounced like kittens, curious, playful and demanding.

"What's up, Linn? Who's the new man?" Linda looked back at them and blinked back the tears. "Can't a gal change her hair-do if she likes it?" But her oblique glance and subdued manner gave her away.

"Hair!" exclaimed Liz Aikens, quirking an eyebrow, and letting her green eyes slide over her friend. "Why you are practically born again!" She leaned down and whispered, "Tell me, Linnie, is that really one of your mother's dresses?" At Linda's withering glance she winked and drifted out with the others, leaving the powder room heavy with their various perfumes. The orchestra sounded dreamy and far away. Now, impelled by the crazy new tune, Linda got up like a sleep walker and followed her friends.

Sidney was dancing with her mother, and Steve was treading his toes toward her. Her heart lurched suddenly then steadied itself under the command of her will. He held out his arms silently and she went into them and felt at home there. She waited for him to show his amusement as the others had done, but she saw no laughter in his eyes. Instead, he looked almost grave as he held her off and surveyed her. "Just how wrong am I, a guy be?" He asked at length.

"Wrong about what Steve?" Linda wanted to know.

"This business of growing up. I would have sworn that you were the only girl I know who seemed not to be giving it a thought! I liked you that way. Now why all this?" His eyes rested sadly on the long ear of her earring.

With an effort Linda managed the half smile and the cool glance. "Being young is simply for the birds." Her voice was so low he could hardly hear her.

"Not for my money!" Steve said firmly. "Now take your mother home. She knows that being young, staying young, is the most precious thing there is."

ing in life." He made a wry face. "I don't mean to preach but you were lovely the other day on the street."

"But you didn't give me a look," Linda gasped.

"Didn't I though—I looked at you and I had to look away or else—" Steve's voice was tender and his arms had tightened around her. "But I don't want to rush you into anything. Here comes Sidney to take you home." He touched the tip of her nose very lightly. "Take it slow and easy, little dear, and I'll be seeing you." Over Sidney's shoulder she watched Steve walk away. She felt foolish now in the slinky dress, and the earrings had begun to smart so she pulled them off and put them in her purse.

"Let's go home, Sidney, please." She felt like a tired little girl.

As she let herself in the front door she heard voices. There was a light in the living room. She could hear her father laughing harder than she had heard him laugh in years. She kicked off her shoes and went and stood in the door of the living room. Her mother was looking into the mirror above the fire-place, patting dejectedly at the windblown red curls. Her father was trying to light his pipe but couldn't for laughing. At sight of Linda he doubled up again. Linda stared, indignant at first, then she went over and sat on the arm of his chair. She laid her head on his shoulder and felt better immediately.

"You are right, Daddy, we have been a pair of Draculas, haven't we, Mums?"

As her mother turned from the mirror and faced them, Linda felt sorry for her. She looked older, and very tired in spite of the youthful hair-do. "Yes, I guess we have, Baby." Mr. Lancaster was wiping his eyes and the cat had come out from under the sofa, where it had retreated at his explosion. Gipsy, the black cocker, who had been racing around the room excitedly, as she did when anyone raised their voice, was now lying prone on the rug, still panting.

"Oh, well, you girls can always switch back," he offered mildly as he picked up his pipe.

Linda padded happily off to bed. She was thinking of Steve again and of something she had seen in his eyes while they were dancing. She got out of the too tight dress, and brushed her hair furiously before the mirror, arranging it in a new way to hide the snake streak as much as possible. Then she got into a pair of faded pajamas and felt almost like herself again.

—MARY ELLEN JACKSON

a preparation for their future as railway employees.

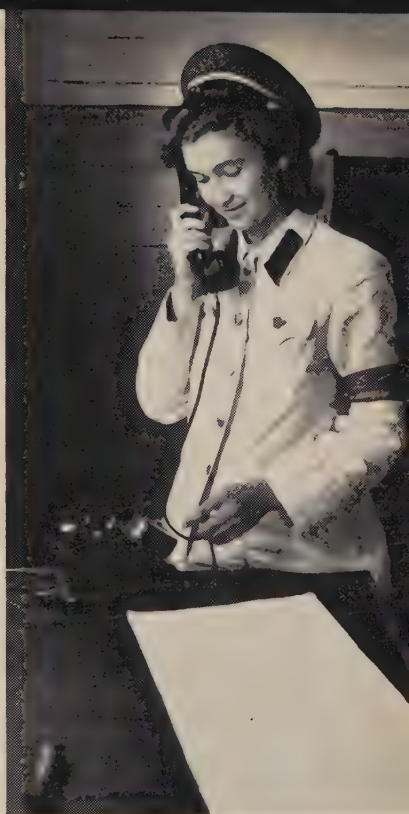
The Polytechnical Institute in Kiev believes in giving its students the ultimate in vocational training. On August 2, 1953—the traditional Russian railwaymen's holiday—a railway line for children was officially opened in Kiev. This miniature, but thoroughly legitimate, Southwestern railway runs through the picturesque Siretsky forest for three kilometers.

The train, which consists of an engine and six passenger cars, makes three station stops along the line. Service at these stations and in the train is carried out completely by young railwaymen, who are members of the more than 46 children's technical railway circles organized at Kiev schools.

About 700 students from the ages of 12 to 16 have mastered the professions of engine-drivers and helpers, station masters, and track inspectors through their experience on the Children's Railway. From the many who apply each year, about 60 are chosen to operate the railway on Sundays during May, June, October and November and all day everyday from July through September. During this time six adult instructors supervise, but teens actually run the railway.

Russian teens run a railroad

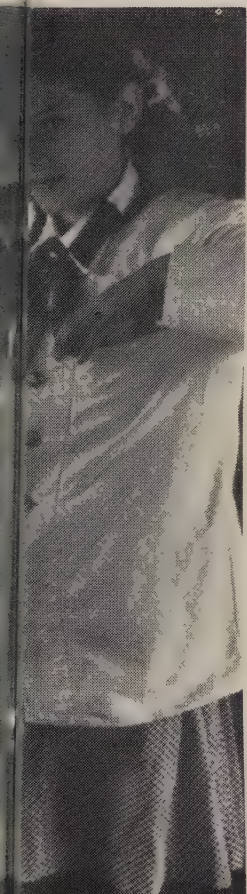
The main station is a handsome affair where mothers, fathers and children wait for the train to complete its 30-minute circuit. The engineers who turn driving the dials are all 14 years old. Russian girls are important cogs in railway operation,

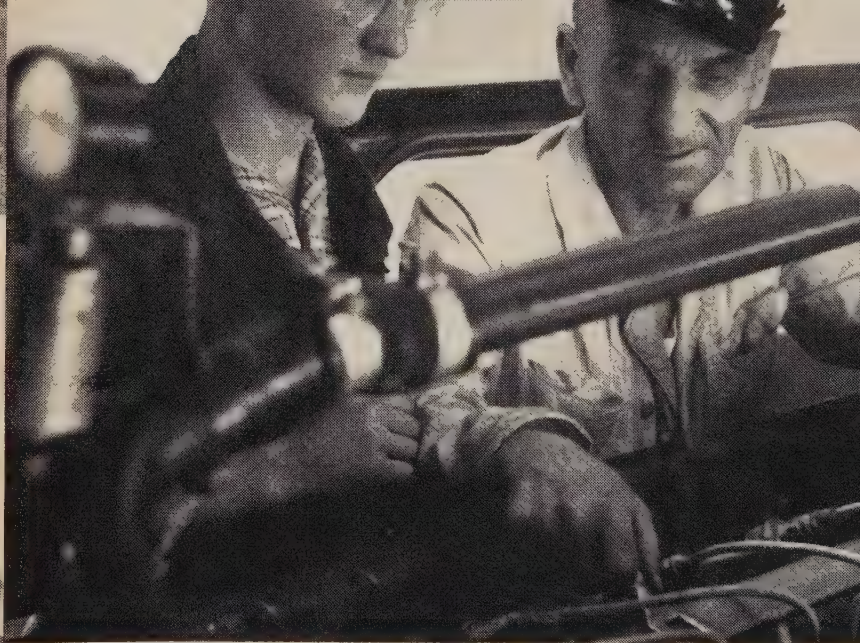




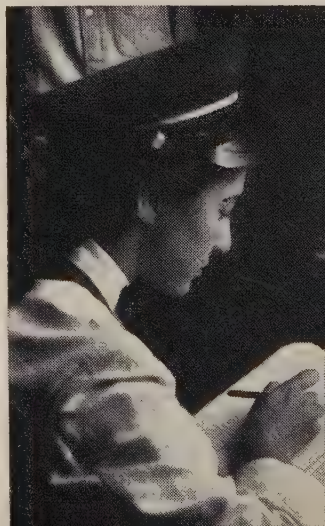


Parents and children travel on the Children's Railway in a holiday mood. They enjoy the park-like surroundings through which the train runs and the good-humored joking which goes on among passengers and teen-age trainmen.





The Children's Railway line is equipped with the best and most modern equipment of technical service. In taking responsibility for its operation and upkeep, Russian teens learn to be professional railwaymen. When the train is stopped at a station, a boy takes time to wipe it down. A girl at the main station logs every arrival and departure while trouble and constant checks are made by telephone. As older students become proficient at these duties, they conduct a training school for the younger ones.





touch & go

Disprove God to me

In the May 13 issue of YOUTH we printed a letter from teenager, Mike Morrow, who challenged YOUTH to "Prove God to Me." Several other readers have written their response to this challenge. Let us share one of them with you:

You're very right—nobody can PROVE God's existence, not even YOUTH magazine. But does this mean that it should not go to print anymore, does it mean that the Church should give up its task, that ministers should find something else to do? If God doesn't exist, WHY does YOUTH keep going to print? do ministers still preach? does the Church ever seek to fulfill its mission? Is God really IMAGINATION to them? Why am I writing in answer to your letter—maybe because I want my name in print or maybe because some "unexplainable" power makes me want to help you

understand as best I can. Sure, this is the realm of "unexplainable" but everyday there is much explained in and by religion, as well as in and by science. If you say that religion isn't explaining much in our day, then you have searched hard or long enough to agree that God is an escape from man's insecurities and anxieties. BUT to the Christian, the responsibilities received in return are more numerous and greater than those one puts upon God's shoulders.

You have Doubt, which is very precious, but very dangerous if unaccompanied with Faith. Faith Without Works is also imagination, just as is trying to encompass God in our little minds. Do not take just one aspect of yourself in your mind—and base everything upon that; use your heart, your soul, and all your abilities to know and love God.

—John Hubert
St. Charles, Mo.



"I hope my investing in a set of tires doesn't give you the impression that I don't believe your preaching about the world coming to an end. Rev. Hartman"

may we quote you?

a couple of seasonal sillies; here was a second-rate athlete who played badminton and worse tennis. And then there was the worried kangaroo that went to a psychiatrist to complain, "Doc, I don't feel jumpy any more."

—Hugh Scott

fault which is denied is committed twice over.

—French Proverb

politicians think that to be respectable a country must obtain the exact forms of government obtaining in the United States or Britain. But many new countries will fail if they conform, and in the wake of failure will come chaos and then communism.

—Pres. Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan

like Wagner; but the music he prefer is that of a cat hung up by its tail outside a window, and trying to stick to panes of glass with its claws.

—Charles Baudelaire

those of us in education are obsessed with the problem of making young people fit to live in society when the fact is that this is not the problem. The problem is to make society fit for young people to live in.

—Sir William Alexander

is said that Mrs. Marx observed at the end of a long and rather bleak life how much better it would have been if dear Karl had made me capital instead of writing so much about it.

—Prime Minister Macmillan

COVER



STORY

Russian teens waste no time in preparing themselves to enter the workaday world. Guys and girls who've set their caps for the life of a railwayman have a prize opportunity to begin working toward that goal in Kiev, Russia. The Polytechnical Institute which they attend has established an authentic, scaled-down railway that the students can run independently. More than 46 circles of young railwaymen have been organized at schools, clubs, culture palaces and the Pioneer Palace. The students involved are efficient, serious and businesslike about their work. But frequent smiles betray the fun they're having in it, too.

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PHOTOS: 1, 19, 20-23, Joe Nettis; 10, United Press International; 10 (lower left), Jack Frank, *New York Herald-Tribune*; 26, Fujikawa; 32, American Music Conference.

ARTISTS: 6-9, Rev. J. Thomas Leamon, Westfield Congregational Church, Danielson, Conn.; 13, Charles Newton; 24, Charles Schulz, Copyright, 1962, Gospel Trumpet Co.; 28-31, The Travelers Insurance Companies, Hartford, Conn.

AUTHORS: Dr. Lewis Maddocks, Washington Secretary of the Council for Christian Social Action of the United Church of Christ; Rev. J. Thomas Leamon, Westfield Congregational Church, Danielson, Conn.; "The Aim is to Maim" reprinted in *YOUTH*, courtesy of *Time*, the Weekly News Magazines, Copyright, Times, Inc., 1962; Mary Ellen Jackson, free-lance author, Martinsburg, Pa.; Joe Nettis, Photographer and author, Philadelphia, Pa.; prayer, Kay Lorans.



Eight hundred Japanese Christian youth gathered in the two-month-old Morita Memorial auditorium of the mission school in Osaka to celebrate the first quadrennial meeting of their newly-formed National Youth Council.

youth ^{in the} NEWS

Japanese youth begin work in new youth council

The first annual meeting of the National Christian Youth Council of Japan was held on May 2 in the Osaka Christian Center on the Osaka Girls' School campus in this huge industrial city. Eighty youth delegates and leaders attended the day-long organizing conference. On the next day, 800 Christians gathered in the two-month-old Morita Memorial auditorium to celebrate the formation of the Youth Council.

In the opening service, Rev. Yoshinobu Irie, chairman of the Youth

Committee of the United Church of Christ in Japan (Kyodan), stated that the new organization will give young people representation in the life of the Church in Japan and provide coordination and expansion of youth activities. Applying the term "youth" to men and women under the age of 30, Mr. Irie said that 80 percent of the people attending churches in Japan are in this age category. He explained as the three-fold purpose of the new national organization: 1) unity of faith, 2) self-support

angelism in Japan, 3) strengthen-
of local churches.

The mass rally on May 3 had as
theme, "The Peacemakers." Rev.
Tao Takenaka, Doshisha Univer-

Seminary professor of social
scs, addressed the youth as "new
atures in Christ." This is not the
yness of today's automobile,
ch becomes old next year, but a
lity of freshness that is perpetual
all-pervading.

In his address, Rev. Ken Saeki,
irman of the Evangelism Com-
tee of Kyodan, referred to the
organized condition of the
rches and to the lack of commu-
tation among churches and be-
en churches and society as the
eden or cross which Christian
uth must take on themselves.

Activities to be undertaken by the
uth Council include publication
a newspaper, *Church Youth*, par-
ticipation in the International Chris-
n Youth Exchange, and sponsor-
p of a national Youth Retreat.
e council will send representatives
Kyodan meetings and coordinate
sting activities of youth groups.

ami theaters desegregate rough CORE stand-ins

A year-long campaign of stand-ins
the Miami chapter of the Con-
ss of Racial Equality (CORE)
ended with desegregation of the
s major movie theaters. The
icy change was announced by
RE after its teams had entered
theaters without incident.

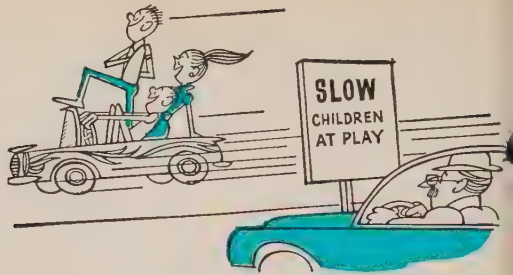
Liberty Bell's 1777 flight reenacted in Pennsylvania

A recent Liberty Bell pilgrimage
between Quakertown and Allentown,
Pa., commemorated a similar trip
which revolutionists made in 1777
when they decided they must hide
the famous bell in case the British
tried to capture it. In the original
trip, the Liberty Bell and several
other bells from Philadelphia
churches were transported to the
Zion Reformed Church, Allentown,
and were hidden under the floor.

For the commemorative journey,
nine boys from the Allentown Boys
Clubs and three adults set out on a
two-day jaunt from Quakertown
with two 200-year-old farm wagons.
They spent the night in Bethlehem,
Pa., at the Moravian settlement.
Here they restaged the breakdown
of the wagon which carried the Lib-
erty Bell 185 years ago. At 9 a.m.
Sunday, the pilgrims continued their
journey and arrived at the Zion Re-
formed Church in Allentown about
noon. There they unloaded the bells
which were made of papier-mache.

This pilgrimage marked the ded-
ication of the Liberty Bell shrine in
the church. A cast replica of the
Liberty Bell is located in the base-
ment of the church where the orig-
inal one was placed in 1777.

The youths who made the pil-
grimage represented each of the jun-
ior and senior high schools in Allen-
town. All the pilgrims were dressed
in appropriate Pennsylvania Dutch
costumes.



IT'S MIND OVER MOTOR

Parents are excitable. Sometimes the most innocent requests can get them off. Like asking to go on a midnight beach party with a bunch of good kids. Or asking to take the family car and a couple of friends to the next town's drive-in theater. That one gets 'em every time. First, it's "No," and then it's "Maybe," and then after you have to listen to a dozen "Well, all right, if you *promise* to drive carefully," warnings, you really wonder if it's worth the ordeal.

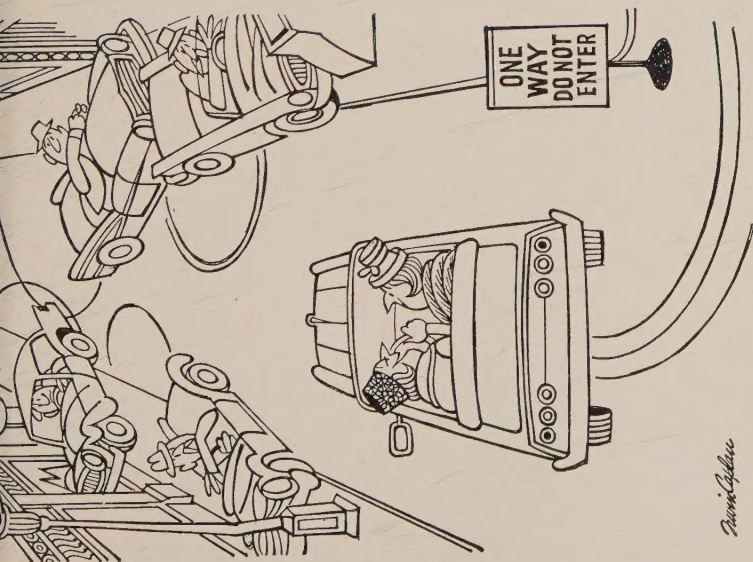
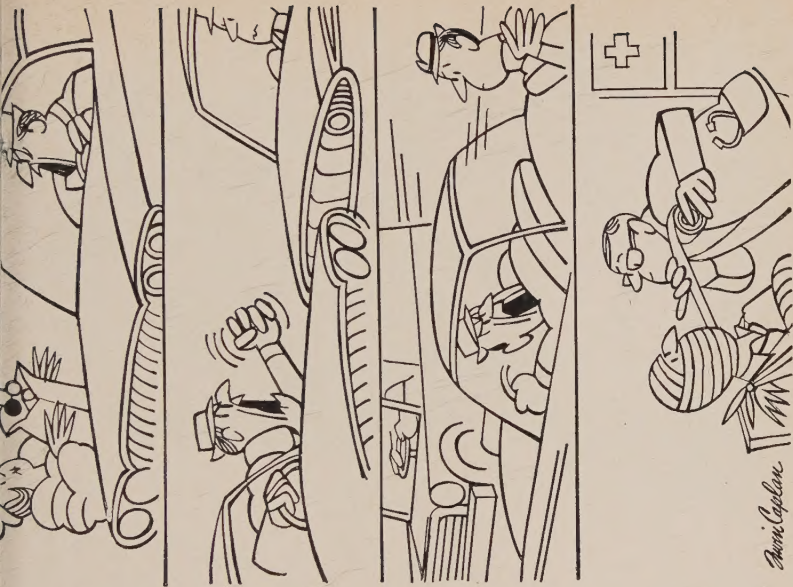
Unfortunately, in the driving department, you just can't label Mom and Dad as "easily upset" or "worried old fogies" and then forget it. Chances are, they're too well aware of what's happening on the highway. *The Traveler's Book of Street and Highway Data* says that over the years the studies have consistently shown that the majority of vehicles involved in accidents are in good mechanical condition; weather conditions are a negligible factor; highways, though crowded, are adequate; curves are no more of a problem than straight roads; intersections need not lead to accidents. This leaves the driver himself as the basic factor in the more than 70,000 casualties in the past 60 years.

What converts otherwise sane and responsible citizens into killers on the highway? The statisticians are hard put for an answer. So are highway patrolmen. So are concerned drivers. But the tabulated statistics of highway foolishness and fatality do sound a steady theme.

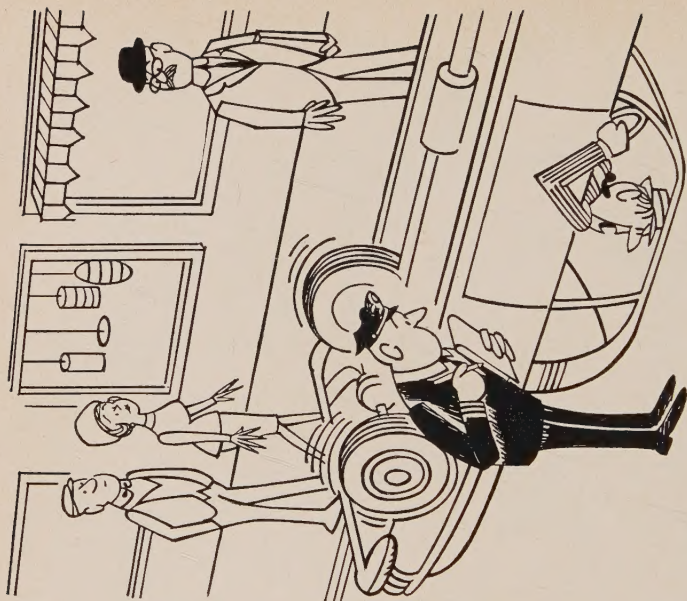
- Too much speed for the time and place is a killer.
- Driving under the influence of liquor or when weary or ill can be fatal.
- Violating the rules of the road is asking for trouble.
- Gross carelessness and the willful abuse of highway etiquette too often end in disaster.

In most accidents the guilty party is man and not machine, mind and not motor, reflex and not roadway.

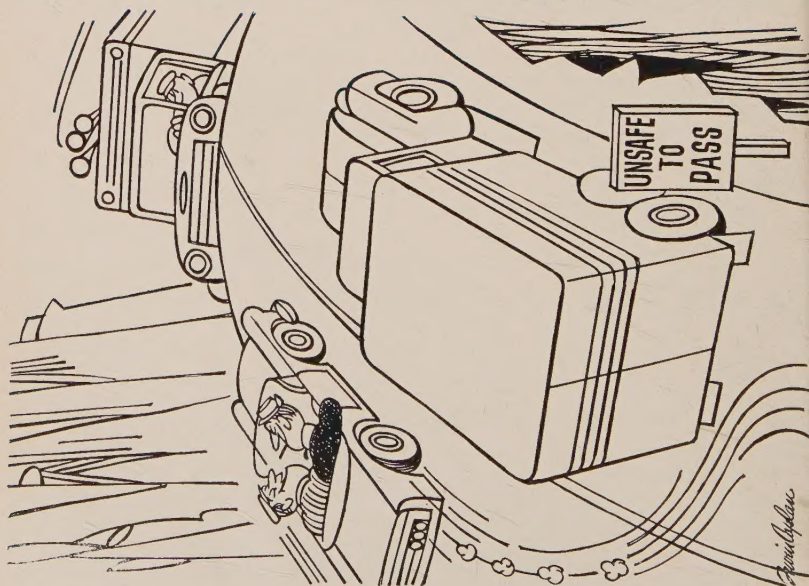
The cartoons and statistics printed here poke fun at many people's driving folly. They also ask pretty personal questions about how you as an individual and young people as a group can handle yourselves on the highway. And your pretty personal answer is the only one that can say whether driving—in any season—will be fun or fatal.



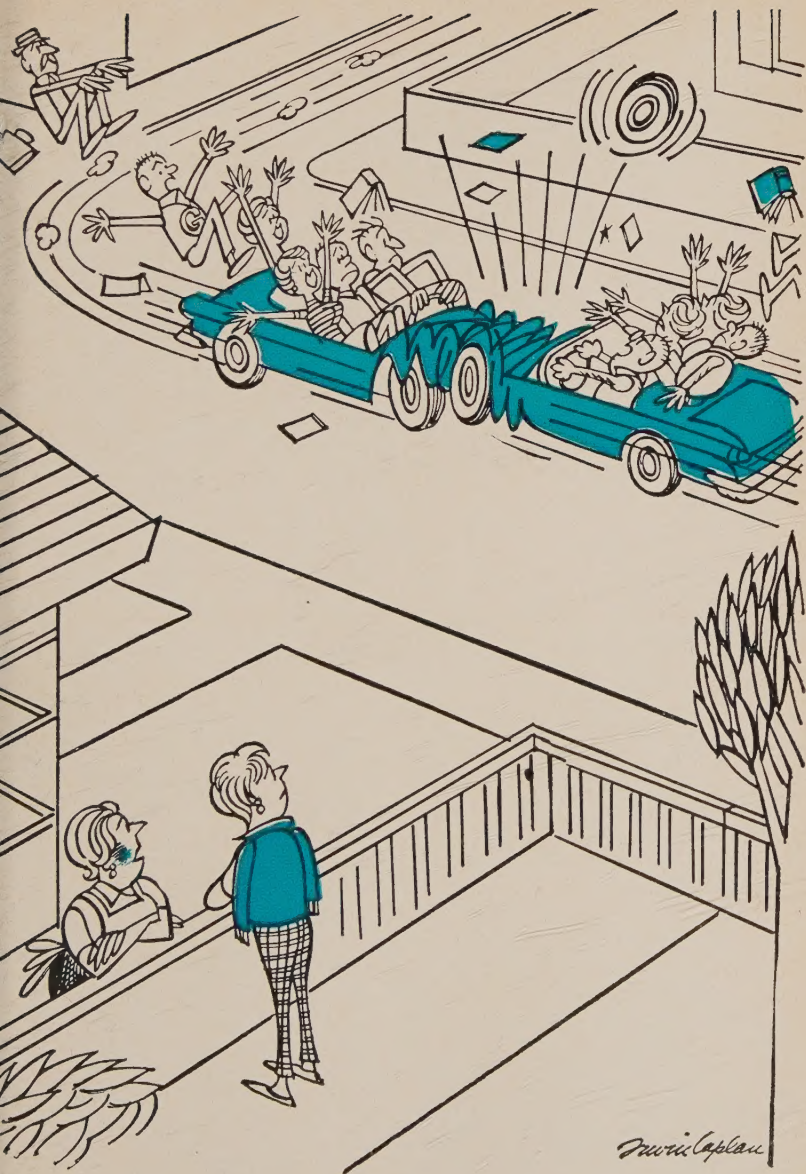
"You notice how they always talk about women drivers,
but it's the men who have all the accidents."



Archie Caplan



Archie Caplan



h, oh, school's out . . . I guess I'd better get dinner in the oven."

O God, help me not to waste this summer day.
Help me to remember that relaxation is good, but
not all that counts. Help me to use summer's
freedom for discovering talents in myself that I've
been too busy to notice before . . .

for developing gifts that have too long lain
idle . . .

for doing work that is helpful to others and
educational for me . . .

for reading books that enable me to grow in
knowledge and understanding . . .

for sharing hours with friends in creative projects
as well as in idle fun.

Through casual leisure and constructive labor, stir
all that lies latent in me . . . till each new day
becomes a living thanks to thee. Amen.

